

ORIGINAL
POEMS,
FOR GOOD
CHILDREN.



BATH

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A rectangular label with a decorative border of repeating floral and vine motifs. The text is centered within the label.

CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION



LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

ORIGINAL
P O E M S,
FOR GOOD
CHILDREN.



Whene'er I take my walks abroad.
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God.
For all his gifts to me.

Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath giv'n me more;
For I have food, while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street
Half naked I behold!
While I am cloth'd from head to feet,
And cover'd from the cold.

While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head;
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

While others early learn to swear,
And curse. and lie, and steal;
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.



Good Dobbin.

Oh! thank you, good Dobbin, you've been a long track,
And have carried papa all the way on your back;
You shall have some nice oats, faithful Dobbin, indeed,
For you've brought papa home to his darling with speed.

The howling wind blew, and the pelting rain beat,
And the thick mud has cover'd his legs and his feet,
But yet on he gallop'd in spite of the rain,
And has brought papa home to his darling again.

The sun it was setting a long while ago,
And papa could not see the road where he should go,
But Dobbin kept on through the desolate wild,
And has brought papa home again safe to his child.

Now go to the stable, the night is so raw,
Go, Dobbin, and rest your old bones on the straw;
Don't stand any longer out here in the rain,
For you've brought papa home to his darling again.



The little Negro.

Ah! the poor little blackamoor, see where he goes,
And the blood gushes out from his half frozen toes,
And his legs are so thin you may almost see the bones,
As he goes shiver, shiver, all along on the stones.

He was once a negro boy, and a merry boy was he,
Playing outlandish plays, by the tall palm tree,
Or bathing in the river like a brisk water-rat,
And at night sleeping sound on a little piece of mat.

But there came some wicked people, and they stole him away
And then good bye to palm-tree and merry, merry play;
For they took him from his home and ev'ry body dear,
And now poor little negro-boy, he's come a begging here.

And fie upon the wicked folks who did this cruel thing!
Wish some mighty nobleman would go and tell the queen;
For to steal him from his home must be a crying sin,
Though he wus a little negro-boy, and had a sooty skin.

Poor Donkey,

Poor Donkey, I'll give him a handful of grass,
I'm sure he's a good-natured, honest old ass:
He trots to the market to carry the sack,
And lets me ride all the way home on his back.



The quarrelsome Dogs.

OLD Tray and rough Growler are having a fight,
 So let us get out of their way ;
 They snarl, and they growl, and they bark, and bite !
 Oh dear, what a terrible fray !

Why, what foolish fellows—Now, is it not hard,
 They can't live together in quiet ?
 There's plenty of room for them both in the yard,
 And always a plenty of diet.

But who ever said to Old Growler and Tray,
 It was naughty to quarrel and fight ?
 They think 'tis as pretty to fight as to play ;
 Nor know they the wrong from the right.

But when little children, who know it is wrong,
 Are angrily fighting away.
 A great deal more blame unto them must belong,
 Than to quarrelsome Growler and Tray.



Poor Puss.

Oh, Harry ! my dear, do not kick the poor cat,
 For, Pussy, I'm sure, will not thank you for that ;
 She was doing no harm, as she sat on the mat.
 Suppose some great giant, amazingly strong,
 Were often to kick you and drive you along ;
 Now, would you not think it exceedingly wrong ?

And, Harry, I think you're as greatly to blame,
 When you serve poor pussy exactly the same,
 For she's very gentle, and quiet, and tame.
 She is under the table, quite out of your way,
 But why should you tease her and drive her away ?
 She takes it in earnest, if you think it play.

There, now go and call her, and stroke her again,
 And never, my love, give poor animals pain,
 For you know, when you hurt them, they cannot complain.

The Dunce of a Kitten.

Come, pussy, will you learn to read ?
 I've got a pretty book :
 Nay, turn this way, you must, indeed :
 Fie, there's a sulky look.

Well, get along, you naughty kit,
 And after mice go look ;
 I'm glad that I have got more wit,
 I love my pretty book.



For the Lord's-Day Evening.

Lord, how delightful 'tis to see,
A whole assembly worship thee !
At once they sing, at once they pray,
They hear of heav'n, and learn the way.

I have been there, and still would go,
'Tis like a little heav'n below :
Not all my pleasure and my play,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

O write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of thy word ;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine ;
That hoping pardon thro' his blood,
I may lay down and wake with God.





The Beggar's Petition.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,
 Whose trembling steps hath borne him to your door,
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
 Oh! give relief, and Heav'n will bless your store.

These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak,
 These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years,
 And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek,
 Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
 With tempting aspect drew me from the road;
 For Plenty there a residence has found;
 And Grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
 Here, as I crav'd a morsel of their bread,
 A pamper'd menial drove me from the door,
 To seek a shelter in an humble shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome;
 Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold;
 Short is my passage to the friendly tomb;
 For I am poor, and miserably old.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
 Whose trembling steps have borne him to your door,
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
 Oh! give relief, and Heav'n will bless your store.



The Busy Bee.

How doth the little busy bee
 Improve each shining hour,
 And gather honey all the day
 From ev'ry op'ning flow'r!

How skilfully she builds her cell!
 How neat she spreads her wax!
 And labours hard to store it well
 With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour or of skill,
 I would be busy too;
 For Satan finds some mischief still
 For idle hands to do.

In books, or works, or healthful play
 Let my first years be past;
 That I may give ev'ry day
 Some good account at last.

FINIS.

